THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, - - - - - - - KANSAS.

SAILING.

A sunlit bay—
The distance gray
Bodes stormy weather;
A fishing-boat
And we afloat,
Alone together.

A laugh so sweet,
A foot so neat,
And she discreetly
So grave and shy
That by and by
I'm lost completely.

The line won't go—
Her head bent low,
A golden glory;
Her hand near mine,
A touch divine—
The old, old story.

Still worse the knot,
The line forgot—
A happy lover!
The sky grows red,
And overhead
The sea-birds hover.

The sunlight fades
To eye's dim shades,
The day is ended;
Who heeds the hour
When beauty's power
With love is blended?

Long years have gone;
We still sail on
Through life together;
And side by side,
Till death divide,
All storms we'll weather.

The shadows gray
Off cross the way
To life immortal;
Each grows more dear
As we draw near
The golden portal.
—*San Francisco News Letter.*

ON HIS TRACK.

A Chance Discovery Which Led to Important Results.

Over twenty years ago, said Mr. Whitmire, a detective, with whom I recently had an interview, I was on the police force of New York. One summer night a few minutes past twelve I was pacing my beat in a quiet part of C—— street, when a man called from a second story window:

"I say, sir, are you a policeman?"

"Yes," I said. "What's the matter?"

"I heard a heavy jar in Mr. Bradley's house, next door, and he may have fallen and hurt himself. He just came in a few minutes ago. If I were you I'd ring the bell."

Mr. Bradley was a wealthy old bachelor who had lived entirely alone for years in an old-fashioned brick house. His riches were a subject for frequent gossip, and it was said that in his house, to which no outsider was ever admitted, he kept a lot of silverware and money. I rang the bell, but there was no response.

"Are you sure you saw him go in?" I asked.

"Yes, sure of it. He hadn't been in half a minute before I heard a heavy fall. I have heard nothing since."

"There must be something wrong," I said, after ringing the bell a second time and receiving no response. I tried the door, but it was locked.

"If I were you I would force the door," suggested the man at the window.

"I don't like to do that. Is there any other entrance?"

"Yes, that alley just beyond the steps leads to a back yard, but the gate is probably locked, as well as the rear door."

"I will go and see," said I; and walking up the narrow alley I discovered by the dim light of the street-lamp nearly opposite that the gate was wide open. I looked in, and perceived that the rear door was also open, and a faint light shone out. All was perfectly quiet. I returned to the street and said to the man:

"The gate and back door are open. Come down and we'll go in."

In half a minute he joined me on the sidewalk, when I recognized him as an acquaintance named Henry Collins.

"Ah, is that you? I didn't know you lived here," I said.

"Yes, and I didn't recognize you when I first addressed you."

"Well, there may have been foul work here," said I; "so we'll go in."

We went into the yard and entered the house. The rear room had evidently been used for a kitchen; and guided by a dim light we passed into a narrow hall with a stairway. Near the street door was an old table, on which was a lighted candle that had burned to within an inch of the candlestick. At the foot of the stairs lay Mr. Bradley, quite dead, and a frightful wound upon his head convinced me that he had been murdered.

At my request Mr. Collins hurried away to the police station to notify the Captain, while I made an examination of the premises. A number of drawers in the second-story back room had been broken open and ransacked, and on the floor lay half of a fresh looking newspaper. Knowing that the old bachelor was not in the habit of spending money for newspapers, it struck me that the robber might have had it in his pocket, and probably used the other half to wrap up some of his plunder, leaving behind him, in his hurry, what might prove a most valuable clew. I therefore folded up the fragment and put it in my pocket. A moment later Mr. Collins returned accompanied by several officers and a surgeon.

To make this part of the story brief, I will state that the usual formalities followed, the body being handed over to the Coroner, and the case was put in the hands of detectives. I at first intended to give up the bit of newspaper I had picked up, but I had some ambition to be a detective myself, and concluded to keep it, at least a day or two, to see if I could find a clew from it. It was lucky I did.

On the following afternoon, while off duty, and walking around in ordinary dress, I paused opposite a well-known hotel to watch some painters who were at work on a scaffold under the eaves, and my eyes happened to light on a man who sat by a third-story window, apparently packing a valise. The window was open, and, as he lifted some article to store it away, a piece of newspaper on which it had lain came fluttering down into the gutter near my feet.

I might not have noticed this trifling circumstance but for the manner in which the paper had been torn—that is, not in a straight line, but almost in the form of the letter V, as though it had been done in a hurry. This corresponded with the piece I'd found in the murdered man's house, and I snatched it up and ran into an alley to compare them. What a leap my heart gave when I discovered that the two parts of the paper fitted exactly—there was no doubt of it.

"On his track," I muttered. "He must not get off with that valise."

Being familiar with the hotel, I crossed the street, went in, and was soon rapping on the door of room twenty-one, from whose window the paper had just blown.

"Come in," said a voice.

I opened the door and recognized, still seated by the window, the man I had seen packing the valise, a task he had completed. He was a muscular man of forty, with a clean-shaven face that wore an expression of craftiness. He seemed confused when I entered, and said:

"Ah I thought it was the porter. Haven't you made a mistake?"

Without replying I deliberately locked the door and put the key in my pocket, while he stared amazedly.

"I see you are getting ready to leave." I remarked sarcastically.

"Yes."

"Suppose you stay in New York a little longer," I said.

"Why, what do you mean?" he exclaimed, rising from his chair.

"Oh, nothing of consequence," I replied, coolly.

"Perhaps you wouldn't object to my taking a look into that valise, eh?"

"Perhaps you will do me the kindness to get out of my room," he retorted.

He had taken the valise from the floor and I quickly snatched it from him. I had hardly done so when he dealt me a blow near the temple, sending me reeling across the room, where I brought up against the door. He then threw the valise on the bed and angrily exclaimed:

"Look here, sir, are you drunk or crazy? Now hand me that key and get out of my room, or I'll throw you out of the window."

"Not so fast," said I, drawing my revolver. "I am an officer, and here to arrest you for the murder you committed last night."

He stared a moment, then a change came over his countenance, and he sat down and fairly roared with laughter.

"Come, you can't play that," said I. "This is no laughing matter. Where are the money and silverware you took from Bradley's house?"

"Are you really an officer?" he asked, growing serious again.

"Certainly I am. Perhaps you never saw this bit of paper, sir," said I, displaying the piece that had blown from the window.

"My friend," he replied, "I admire the earnestness with which you go about your business as detective, but you have got on the wrong track. I am sorry I struck you in a moment of anger, and I hope you will pardon me. I am Charley M——, a Boston detective, of whom you have probably heard. I arrived at daylight this morning, and have been taking a good sleep before attending to some business in Brooklyn. I registered as J. Brown, for a reason you will readily comprehend. Here is my card, and here are some slight evidences of my occupation." Here he took two pairs of handcuffs out of his pocket and jingled them before my astonished gaze. "By the way, if that is the piece of newspaper that fell from my window, and you think it has any connection with the affair you speak of, it will probably afford you an important clew. I found it here, where it was probably left by a former lodger. I think you will find a name on the margin."

I examined the margin over the title of the paper, and to my astonishment found written in pencil the name and residence of Henry Collins. It was a weekly paper, which I observed was published in a city he had formerly lived in, and its date was so recent that he must have received it on the day preceding the murder. I immediately took leave of Mr. M——, saying I thought I knew where the paper had come from, and, begging his pardon for having been so rude to him, I hastened down to the office of the hotel, where I examined the register, finding the name of J. Brown, with room 21 assigned. I knew the clerk, and I inquired:

"When did Mr. Brown take room 21?"

"Early this morning, when I was not on duty."

"Did any one occupy the room during the evening."

"No—yes—let me see," he replied, glancing over the register—"here is the name of Harvey Elton. I remember now. He was without baggage and paid for the room in advance, saying he wanted to be called at three o'clock. The porter went up at that hour, but the door was open and the bed had not been slept in. The other clerk told me he gave the same room to Mr. Brown because he wanted a front room."

"Do you remember the appearance of Elton?"

"Yes—rather small man, with a very full black beard."

Henry Collins was a small man, but had no beard. Of course, my suspicions were fixed on him as soon as I discovered his name on the margin of the newspaper, yet I never dreamed that he was capable of committing a crime.

My mind underwent a series of rapid changes. One moment I regarded it as almost certain that Henry Collins had something to do with the murder; the next moment I would say to myself it is preposterous; he is no such man. There are many ways by which this paper might have got into other hands. He may have lent it to Bradley; or it may have fallen from his window; or he may have lost it from his pocket. Why should he have called my attention to Bradley's house? Besides, he has no beard.

On the subject of this beard, it did not first occur to me that he might have worn a false one, but it did finally, and I realized, very soon afterward, what I now regarded as a very suspicious circumstance.

It was about midnight that Henry Collins told me that Mr. Bradley had been in but a very few minutes. I now remembered that the body was cold and rigid when I first went in, and I hastened away to meet the surgeon who had made the examination five minutes later.

I had the luck to find him soon, and in reply to my inquiry he stated that Bradley must have been dead two hours when he was called.

"Have the detectives found any clew?" he asked.

"Not that I am aware of." I replied, and took my leave.

My first step now was to go to an establishment in which Collins was employed and inquire for him. I did so, and was told that he had asked and obtained leave of absence to visit Trenton. I next started for his house, which was half a mile distant, carefully looking up and down every street I crossed. I had made half the distance when I caught a glimpse of the very man I was looking for.

He was coming toward me on one of the cross streets, showing that he had come directly from his house. He carried a valise, and by his side walked a small, rough-looking man whom I did not know, and with whom he was conversing earnestly. I went a few steps to meet them, and was within a few yards of them before Collins saw me.

"Ah, how are you, Mr. Collins," I said.

He started visibly, but on recogizing me seemed to regain his composure and answered my salutation. He would have passed on, but I detained him by passing in front of him and opening a conversation.

"Going traveling," said I.

"Yes; to New Haven."

"Wouldn't it be just as well to go to Trenton?" I asked, significantly.

He turned pale, and in a voice that quivered perceptibly said:

"Great Heaven, Mr. Whitmire, what do you mean now?"

"I mean that you and your friend must go to the station with me."

With a look of despair on his white face that I shall never forget, he dropped his valise and staggered a few steps to an awning post, which he held to for support.

At thesame mo ment his companion turned to dart away, but, luckily, two men, who had just stopped on the sidewalk to talk, stood directly in his path, and his movements became confused. I reached him in one bound and seized him by the collar, warning him not to resist. He was thoroughly cowed, while Collins had too little strength left him to escape.

In five minutes I marched them into the station, together with the valise, and had them locked up in separate cells. I then told the Captain the whole story. He was disposed to think, at first, that I had made a blunder; but on questioning the two prisoners, and especially on examining the valise and finding a large sum of money in it, he concluded that I had caught the right men, and so distanced the regular detectives.

It proved to be so, and the two men were duly convicted of murder on evidence that was beyond dispute. Indeed, when Collins lost all hope of escaping the gallows, he was so broken down that he made a full confession, giving substantially the following account of the crime:

The stories of Bradley's great wealth had first put it into his head to rob him. By watching for a long time from a back window he had discovered the nature of the fastenings by which the back door and gates were secured. He was not bold enough to undertake the task alone, but he knew a certain bad character named Kevern, to whom he confided his scheme, describing the fastenings on Bradley's gate and door and asking him if he thought he could force them.

Kevern said he could, and readily entered into the plot. They went to work a little after dark one night, when they knew that Bradley had gone out; but the fastenings of the rear door resisted much longer than they had expected, and they had but fairly succeeded in entering when Bradley came in at the front door, locked it, and lighted his candle.

Determined not to be foiled now, they rushed upon the old man and struck him down with the tools they had been using. This, it seems, was between nine and ten o'clock.

They then ransacked the house, finding considerable money, chiefly in bank notes. The latter were in a disordered condition, and to make a compact bundle of them, Collins hastily tore in two the fatal newspaper, which he chanced to have in his pocket, using one-half to wrap his spoils in, and in his haste leaving the other on the floor.

In order to examine their plunder at leisure they went to the hotel alluded to, where one of them engaged a room to which he repaired, and in which he was soon joined by the other. Both of them were disguised, a portion of Collins' being a false beard.

Collins felt so nervous over the awful affair that night that he would not take any of the plunder home with him, and so, after counting the money, he intrusted it to Kevern for the night, with the understanding that they should meet next day, take a trip to New Haven, and there deposit his share in the bank in his own name, or any name he might wish to assume.

When Kevern made a package of the money again he picked up a fragment of another newspaper he found in the room, leaving that bearing Collins' name lying upon the floor. It was shortly after Collins' return home that night that he called my attention to poor Bradley's house, foolishly thinking that by so doing he would not come within the range of suspicion.

Collins died of pure terror before the day appointed for his execution, but Kevern paid the extreme penalty of the law.

It was in this case which I worked upon my own account, and in which I was largely assisted by mere chance, that gave me a place on the detective force, and I have been pretty successful ever since. Many a man has worked harder and displayed more sagacity than I did on that occasion without accomplishing so great an end.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE GULF STREAM.

An Interesting Topic Interestingly Discussed by the American Minister to Argentine.

The most interesting subject presented on the voyage this way, is the Gulf Stream. It forms a never ending topic of inquiry and speculation. It seems to be created and sustained by the constant trade wind in the N. E. portion of the Atlantic, deflecting due west and by being united to the S. E. trade wind of the South Atlantic, running to the N. W. where it joins the current formed by the N. E. trade wind, making what is called the equatorial current, increasing in velocity as it nears Cape St. Royne, the N. E. point of the South American continent. This current is then supplemented by the flow of the immense Amazon, the largest river in the world, which empties into the sea about twenty-six miles South of the equator. There the Orinoco flows in this equatorial current, already having acquired a temperature almost of equal warmth with the air, concentrated in its course through the Caribbean Sea, reaching a velocity of from one and a half to three miles per hour and a temperature of eighty-seven degrees Fah. This velocity increases as it passes Cape Catoche in Yucatan, on one side, and Cape St. Thomas, in Cuba, on the other. This mighty ocean stream is here again supplemented by our own majestic Mississippi, and rushes with still increased velocity through the Gulf of Florida, where at last it assumes the name of the Gulf Stream, and acquires a velocity of from two and a quarter to five miles an hour. The width of the Gulf Stream, after leaving the Florida Gulf averages thirty-five miles, and passes Savannah at a distance of about ninety miles off shore. At this point it begins to widen and deflect, and so its velocity decreases. The distance between the Gulf Stream and our coast, is what is termed the cold belt. It retains this average distance of between seventy and eighty miles, until reaching Cape Hatteras, where the average distance, from the inside limit of the stream, is only about thirty-five miles. It is proper to say here, that the Gulf Stream, constantly running in a N. N. E. and N. E. direction, meeting a wind in the opposite direction, accounts for the heavy swell off Hatteras, which seamen dread so much, and where so many wrecks mark the spot of danger. The stream here debouches further off shore, tends more to the E. N. E. and so perceptibly widens its distance from the shore, that at Cape Henry, below Fortress Monroe, the inner edge of the stream is an average distance of 120 miles off shore, still moving in an E. N. E. direction, until at Sandy Hook, the inner limit of the stream, is 180 miles off shore, the reader of this crude and and limited outline will understand, that from Cape Hatteras, where the distance of the inner edge of the Gulf Stream is only thirty-five miles off shore, till abreast of New York harbor, where it is 180, the cold belt becomes wider and wider, so that the inflowing counter current from the cold north, running inside between the Gulf streams and the shore, accounts for the severe winters of our eastern sea-board States.

The stream, taking as before stated, an E. N. E. direction, crossing the banks of New Foundland, has now attained a width of some three hundred miles, but still retaining its character of a river in the sea, warmer than the surrounding ocean, and having an initial velocity of from two to three miles per hour. On its approach towards the English and French coasts this great Gulf Stream splits, and it is said, the northern portion running partly on the west of Ireland to the north of Scotland—the other portion diverging in a S. W. direction around the Bay of Biscay, where the operating cause, as off Hatteras—the stream running against the wind—causes a high, confused sea, the perpetual vexation and fear of navigation. It is thought a part of the current dives under the straits at Gibraltar, but its main course is southeast along the coast of Africa between St. Helena Bay and the river Congo. After it passes that river, it becomes a stream current, formed of water brought from a cooler region by the prevailing southerly winds.—*Bayliss W. Hanna, in Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Curious Hindoo Prejudices.

A Hindoo can not cross the ocean and go to Europe or America without losing caste. The Hindoo people have long obeyed this prejudice, and it is this curious notion that has materially hindered the progress of Hindoo commerce and trade. Under the influence of English education, however, this superstition is gradually losing its hold on the minds of the people with many, but the number of orthodox Hindoos who will not object to a voyage across the ocean on the ground of losing caste is still inconsiderable. The English-educated Hindoo youths, however, pay no regard to this superstition, and many of them now go to England and France for the purpose of study and education. But the number of such Hindoos just now resident in London is only about one hundred and fifty. England-returned Hindoos are outcasted, and if any of them think it advisable to be taken back to his caste, he must go through certain expiatory ceremonies, which are not only troublesome, but also expensive. Pundit Krishna Varma, a young Hindoo gentleman, who had studied for several years at Oxford, and had been a favorite of Prof. Monier Williams, came back to his country lately and went through a number of demeaning expiatory ceremonies in order to be accepted by his caste-men.—*Deoghar Cor. Boston Herald.*

—Two young Philadelphia sportsmen were recently treed for a whole day up in Potter County by a bear, which, as was afterward found out, was perfectly tame—an escaped pet; but they paid twenty dollars for the privilege of shooting it.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Lawrence E. Moones, of Cincinnati, and Miss Cora Lennox, of Dayton, O., were recently married, their acquaintance and courtship having all been by telegraph. Both were operators.

WOOL COSTUMES.

Suits Worn by the Leaders of Fashion—Novel Combinations.

Wool costumes are most largely imported at this season, because the taste at present dictates wool for street suits. These suits, however, are in two distinct styles, those from Paris being combinations of two fabrics, with wool predominating as the over-dress, and the preference being for smooth cloths, while English gowns are entirely of one material, which is usually homespun, serge boucle or other rough-surfaced stuff.

The favorite combinations for French costumes consist of the smooth-finished Amazon or ladies' cloth for the basque, drapery and jacket, with a skirt, vest, collar and cuffs of velvet or of plush, or else of figured cloth, wool, with rough boucle or Astrakhan stripes or borders, or it may be stripes of velvet or plush on a wool ground. The newest dresses are without flounces, and have very few plaits in the lower skirt. Plain velvet or plush skirts are revived, to be worn under cloth or camel's-hair over-dresses. The plain skirt is about two yards and a quarter wide, is simply hemmed or finished with a braid, and is mounted on a foundation skirt which it entirely conceals. The fullness of this straight skirt is massed in the back, and in many cases the velvet only extends half-way up the foundation skirt, as the upper part is concealed by the overskirt. The present fancy, however, is for showing the velvet quite high on the hips, or at least on one hip, making it visible all the way up to the belt. If any plaits are used in this skirt, they are laid in the parts disclosed by the drapery and also in the back. Some skirts are three yards or more in width, and are laid smooth and plain in front for the space of half a yard, and then turning backward in large shallow side plaits, with deeper folded plaits in the back.

The over-skirt or drapery of French dresses is made very long in front and back, and very short on the sides, being sometimes omitted altogether on the sides, so as to show the rich fabric of the lower skirt from waist to foot. The apron is festooned and wrinkled across, or else it is laid in flat kilt plaits pressed into shape. Very fanciful cords drape these aprons, or else they are ornamented with plaques, or there may be braid or bead ornaments set over the open space on the hips, or the cords may be festooned across this space. The back drapery in straight flowing lines is occasionally seen on these costumes, but the French modistes still give bouffant effects by added length at the top dropping down in Bedouin folds and in soft poufs. Sashes arranged in wide, long loops and ends are added to many dresses, especially if the overskirt is in straight plaits. There are also sash effects made of the material, when it is soft and not too heavy, in the ways during the summer. Two steels and a cushion pad are again used across the back of the lower shirt, but there is an effort to do away with the heavy cushion and use a third steel in its place, or else plaitings or wigging are sewed inside below the belt. Alpaca is more used every season for foundation skirts, as the low-priced silks do not wear as well as the strong wool of the dress; this skirt supports both the overskirt and lower skirt, which are attached to it permanently, covering it thoroughly, but without being doubled upon it in any part, as the object is to make the shirt of as light weight as possible.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WEBS OF MEMORY.

The Fancies of Two Minds While the Parlor Fire Was Slowly Cooling.

"Mildred!"

It was the young wife's name which was called, and the husband was sitting in the cozy parlor of their happy little home, reading by the soft light of the Argand burner and resting his slippered feet upon burnished brass in front of a glowing fire of rosy embers.

"Mildred!" he called again, as when a lover he breathed her name, the sweetest in all the world to him.

But there was no answer.

"Ah," he murmured, "the dear girl does not hear her husband's voice," and he lay back in his easy-chair, and watched the blue flames dance in and out among the sparkling coals. At such a time memory weaves cunning webs of softened colors and sweet designs, and the young husband's thoughts flew back and forth in the loom of the past.

Three years ago he had been a mother's petted darling, with no wish ungratified, no comfort neglected, no luxury forgotten. Yet he felt within his heart a tender longing, an empty void, which, so far in his happy life, had remained unfilled. Mildred Ray came, and the mother's heart knew that the wife was greater than the mother. A year passed, and Mildred was his wife. Gentle, loving, beautiful, he took her to their new home, and for two years she had filled his mother's place and made his home a delightful idea, a four-walled Paradise upon earth, yet far above it. He was serenely happy, and peacefully comfortable. Mildred had given him her thought, her energy, her time, her endeavor and he was at rest.

He awoke from his revery, with a start.

"Mildred," he called.

No answer.

He became alarmed. Was it, then, all a dream? And was he to be rudely awakened?

Alas, for the mutability of human affairs.

"Mildred," he called, for the fourth time.

"Yes," came the sweet-voiced answer from a sofa over in the corner.

"Oh," he said, in a tone of relief. "Are you there, darling?"

"Yes, husband mine."

"Well, love, the fire is going out; won't you go and bring in some more coal?"

"Not much, Petey! I've been doing the loving-wife slave racket long enough, and if you want any more coal, you'll get it yourself. You hear me!"

Mildred's memory had been weaving a few cunning webs, itself, while that fire was slowly getting cold.—*Merchant Traveler.*